

Revised (B.)

THE
R E G E N T:
A
T R A G E D Y.

AS IT IS ACTED AT
THE THEATRE ROYAL
IN

DRURY-LANE.

B. Greathead

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

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TO
MRS. S I D D O N S.

DEAR MADAM,

DEDICATIONS pass, in general, for mere flatteries;—I, therefore, did not intend any: but, now I am come to the moment of publication, my heart tells me so irresistibly to offer my work to you, that I must obey its dictates; for not only through your means it is, that this Tragedy is now before the public; but, having procur'd me the intimacy of your brother, you enabled me to profit by his very refined taste, and perfect knowledge of the drama. Would there were some language sacred to sincerity, in which I might express, without a suspicion of compliment, the true sense I have of your perfections!—but there is none. Thus much, however, I must say,—your talents were

DEDICATION.

in my view, while I composed the poem, which I here lay before my country; to draw a character worthy of you was my ambition; and, if I have succeeded, I am fully satisfied.

I have only to add the wish, that, united in future fame, as in present friendship, my name may descend with yours to posterity.

I have the honour to be,

DEAR MADAM,

Your most obedient servant,

BERTIE GREATHED.

PRO-

P R O L O G U E,

Written by the Rev. Mr. WILLIAMS.

Spoken by MR. WROUGHTON.

YOUR ears, accusom'd late to Grecian lyre,
 To Spartan virtue, and to patriot fire,
 Some change of instrument may now approve;
 New modulations may new passions move:
 And here's a stranger, now behind the scene,
 Who plays upon the Spanish mandolin:
 A Spanish tale he sings, of gothic ages,
 Such as you'd hunt for in black letter pages.
 He's quite prepar'd.—Well, shall I call him in?
 Shall he strike up?—But hold—ere we begin,
 'Tis fit, so will our custom and his fears,
 That I bespeak kind hearts, and patient ears.
 You, ladies, first, whose eyes so oft o'erflow
 With pity's tribute to another's woe——
 Once more in tears, like those which angels weep,
 Our author hopes those lovely cheeks to steep.

Most grave and potent critics by profession,
 Who claim Parnassus for your own possession;
 Who, lords o' th' manor, holding here your court,
 Grant, or refuse, your licences to sport;
 Most sapient doctors of th' Athenian school,
 Who laugh by precedent, and weep by rule;
 Elastic youths, well-girth'd above the hips,
 Who hear the sad words issuing from our lips,
 With eyes devoutly lifted—to the slips;

†

}
Oh.

*Oh, you that croud above, around, beneath,
To pick a quarrel, or to pick—your teeth;
Oh, you, who hither come, if any come,
To pick up something worth your taking home;
Give ear!—whilst I with solemn truth impart
What much concerns your judgment, and our art.*

*I've found,—and where I found it there may you,—
A law to judge by, simple, plain, and true.*

*In Nature's ancient code—chapter, The Heart,—
Of section, Sympathy—the former part——*

'Tis written thus—" All you who seek the stage,

" Your minds to model, or your cares assuage,

" Stare not around with imitative gaze,

" To catch the censure, or to mock the praise;

" If you're displeas'd, first ask yourselves this question—

" Am I quite free from spleen and indigestion?

" If chance you're pleas'd, then lift not up your head,

" To think—if Sophocles wou'd thus have said.

" Shall Sophocles, or any other Soph,

" Shall sage Longinus, bid you cry, Off, off?

" Trust your own hearts; to their free pulse appeal;

" Claim liberty in sense, and dare to feel.

" Let who will censure, or let who will write,

" Nature and Novelty must still delight;

" Throughout the drama, then, be this your cue; —

" If mov'd, 'tis nature; if surpriz'd, 'tis new.

Persons represented.

MANUEL, the REGENT,	Mr. KEMBLE.
ANSALDO,	Mr. BARRYMORE.
CARLOS,	Master GREGSON.
GOMEZ,	Mr. WROUGHTON.
SOLERNO,	Mr. AICKIN.
GERBIN,	Mr. PACKER.
DIEGO,	Mr. BATES.
PEDRO,	Mr. BENSON.
SERVANT,	Mr. WILSON.
BANDITTI,	{ Mr. PHILIMORE.
	{ Mr. CHAPLIN.

DIANORA,	Mrs. SIDDONS.
PAULA,	Mrs. WARD.

Gentlemen, Ladies, Soldiers, Attendants.

SCENE. *A Castle in the Province of Catalonia,
in Spain.*

THE
R E G E N T:
A
T R A G E D Y.

A C T I.

S C E N E I.

A Platform before the Castle Gates.

Enter GERBIN and DIEGO.

GERBIN.

AY, Diego, Diego! 'twas time thou shouldst return: if the misbelieving dogs of Murcia had kept thee another year, thou wouldst have seen me no more; the Penitents will soon carry old Gerbin to his grave.

DIEGO.

What makes you so melancholy, father? What's the matter? You look well.

GERBIN.

I don't look well. Ay, I've seen the day, when not a man in Spain was better at the Castanets than I.—But how should I be gay, when I've not a fleece but would shame me at the worst fair, here, in Catalonia! Thou knowest, I had as fine a flock as any in Old Castile.

B

DIEGO.

DIEGO.

How happens that? What, have you had bad luck?

GERBIN.

—Ruin'd, why, look you, ruin'd, ev'ry man of us, since the loss of our duke. Ah! good Anfaldo!—there are no more like him to be found.

DIEGO.

Ay!—how came that to pass? I never heard—

GERBIN.

Dost not know that? I thought it was the evening tale of ev'ry housewife in the land. Well, I'll tell thee. Some three years ago, poor man! he went with his son, our young Prince Carlos, to visit his uncle, leaving this Manuel Regent in his room.

DIEGO.

Manuel? Who's he?

GERBIN.

His father's name, I think, was Gradenze; a grandee in the court of—what's his name?—the king of Aragon; he that took Valentia from the Moors.

DIEGO.

Giacomo?

GERBIN.

The same, the same. In some civil broil Gradenze lost his head; and so would Manuel, if he had not got away.

DIEGO.

He's then a banish'd man?

GERBIN.

Banish'd! ay, I warrant: he came here as bare as these palms; but our lord, who was as good a lord as ever liv'd,—St. Laurence rest his soul!—made him partake
of

A TRAGEDY.

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of all he had, only because he had known him in some war.

DIEGO.

Done like a soldier.

GERBIN.

So, I say, the duke set off for Leon with our young prince,——

DIEGO.

And he never came back?

GERBIN.

No—no, never—never came again! He left us, as you may say, like the old year, never to return. There he went—I could well nigh swear I see him now, and a hedge of subjects on each side—there he rode, on a palfrey of my own breed, and smil'd, and nodded, as he went; so, when he came to me, I said, "Heaven preserve your grace!"—to which quoth he, "Farewel, old Gerbin!"—Yes, he spoke to me: O lack! O lack! I little thought never to hear, nor see, him any more. "Farewel," he said, "old Gerbin!"

DIEGO.

Come, father, don't cry so. How fares it with your neighbour Baptista?

GERBIN.

No, no, I like to talk about him. I knew that evil would befall; for—hark'ee, Diego—the very night he went, I dreamt a dream: and, sure enough, the king of Arragon seized him, as he pass'd his estates, and vowed it should cost him his life, if he did not give up Manuel: but he would not.

DIEGO.

There's noble! There's the point of honour for you!

B 2

GERBIN.

THE REGENT:

GERBIN.

In fine, he got his liberty ; and, about a twelvemonth ago, left Alphonso, to return—then was the whole country full of rejoicings—but it was ordered otherwise—sweet soul!—it was ordered otherwise—He was murdered. Oh, what a sad untimely end! Why didn't I die then? Sinner that I am! It had been better to have died, than see this miserable old age. O, well-a-day, that I should live to this!

DIEGO.

Cheerly, good father. See, the princess is coming. Here, take my arm. Let's go home, and comfort us. So, so.

GERBIN.

"Farewel," quoth he, "farewel!"

[*Exeunt.*]*Enter* DIANORA and PAULA.

PAULA.

Fair Dianora, yield not thus to grief.
Though all around thee seems anew to smile,
And ev'ry grove shakes off its snowy veil,
The wintry hand of woe still gripes thy heart:
Why shouldst not thou, like nature, cease to mourn?

DIANORA.

Because the day-star of my peace is gone,
Quench'd in the oceans of unbounded night:
Cure me of thought, then hope to ease my pain;
Blot memory; for there, enthron'd on grief,
Ansaldo sits sublime in endless empire.
Ah me! not even death can bear me to him;
His soul amidst the many-mansion'd bliss
Has fix'd its seat, where I may never climb.

PAULA.

A TRAGEDY.

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PAULA.

Dispel such thoughts, and rest your mind on Carlos.
The prince returns:—does that afford no comfort?

DIANORA.

Comfort! O joy! It joys my very heart.
If peace and I may meet, 'tis that unites us.
Manuel is good, he seeks to soothe my sorrows,
And therefore counsels what he knows will cheer.
Carlos, indeed, is happy to possess
A second father in his father's friend.
But see your husband.

Enter SOLERNO.

Welcome, good Solerno:
Come you from Manuel?

SOLERNO.

Even now I left him,
Seeking his brother Gomez in all haste.

DIANORA.

'Tis kind. He was the person of our choice
Hither from Leon to attend the prince.

SOLERNO.

Bring home the prince? Now Heav'n forbid he should!

DIANORA.

Wherefore, I pray, these marks of perturbation?
Becomes it thee to sadden at my bliss?

SOLERNO.

Doubt not my faith, nor doubt my steady zeal.
Think you that I, grown white within these walls,
Can cease to love the offspring of my lord?
No, no; I look on Carlos as a son.

DIANORA.

Why should he not return to bless me?

PAULA.

THE REGENT:

PAULA.

Say.

SOLERNO.

Because his youth denies him yet to govern.
You know me, gracious mistress, frank and plain;
Justice my cause, I mind not to offend.
My lord would say, "Thou art so blunt, Solerno,
"That half I fear thee." Thus he spake in jest,
But he forgave me; for he found me true.
Hither to send for Carlos is not well.

DIANORA.

You fear his subject's love, and mother's fondness:
But, is the cherish'd stag of our demesne
Less royal, or less generous in his nature,
Lifts he his antlers less aloft in air,
Than his wild brother of Morena's shades,
Who never knew the soft'ring hand of man?—
And will not Manuel form my boy to greatness?

SOLERNO.

Manuel is young; trust not too much in Manuel:
He may be venom'd, as the painted snake,
Which hides deep poison under gilded scales—
Ill would he rule the duke, who loves the dukedom.

DIANORA.

Who loves the dukedom!—

SOLERNO.

Lady, 'twas my word.

DIANORA.

Solerno, he, you speak of, is the friend
My lord held dear, the partner of his bosom.

SOLERNO.

Therefore my soul abhors him.

A TRAGEDY.

7

DIANORA.

Peace, old man.

PAULA.

What is it, dear my husband, so disturbs you?

DIANORA.

Say why thine aged limbs are shaken thus
With passion, unbecoming those white hairs?

SOLERNO.

O Dianora! strongly I suspect,
But for this cherish'd man, this friend, this fugitive,
We should not now deplore the best of princes.

DIANORA.

Speak, I command thee.

SOLERNO.

He's a villain certain;

Endures not solitude; is ever restless:
Nay, even 'mid the revelry of wassail,
Sometimes black melancholy seizes on him,
And then stares he into the vacant air,
Glaring around with epilepsied eye;
After awhile, as rousing from a dream,
Though no one spake, he cries, "Forgive me, Sir;
"I mark'd you not—Now let's be merry, friends."
And thus he strives to quell his troublous thoughts,
Which, ever and anon up boiling, plague him.

DIANORA.

Is this the cause, then, and is this the ground,
Whereon those black, and murd'rous, doubts are built?
Learn, ancient Sir, though late, a noble mind,
Like the great sea, swells at each transient touch
Of Heaven's breath, and, as it freer rolls,
The more displays its depth, and power, and grandeur.

Slander

THE REGENT:

Slander becomes not age; and accusation,
Unless well founded, favours much of malice.

SOLERNO.

Lift; nor repay my honesty with frowns.—
Thou know'st the armour of my poor lost lord.

PAULA.

That, brown with gore, through which the Moorish spear
Yet stands infix'd.

SOLERNO.

The fame: 'neath Murcia's walls,
Saving the Regent's life, he took that wound.

DIANORA.

I know it well.

SOLERNO.

Conceal'd the trophy lay,
To spare thy breast a pang;—but late I order'd,
It should be plac'd with the other warlike spoils,
That grace the gallery.

DIANORA.

Well, what ensued?

SOLERNO.

One stormy evening, which expir'd in tears,
I saw Don Manuel pacing to and fro,
There, where Anfaldo's iron effigy
Gleams 'mid the chivalry of ancestors.
The rattling casements stream'd with heavy drops,
And hollow blasts, hurtling through peaked vaults,
Rebellow'd down the gloomy passages,
Making the doors to groan of this old mansion.
In haste he went, and seem'd to be disturb'd,
More than the elements disquiet seem'd.
While I, unseen, stood watching his demeanour,
His eyes upon the vacant statue fell;

Appal'd

Appal'd he started back, with either hand
 Shielding his face, as though a ghost had cross'd him :
 Then on the figure gaz'd, with folded arms,
 And forehead all convuls'd, and quiv'ring lip.
 Long having stood absorb'd in thought profound,
 He smote his brow, and earnestly exclaim'd,
 " O ! deed accurst — would it had ne'er been done !"
 More words, perchance, had burst from his dark mind,
 But, hearing somewhat stir, he pry'd around,
 And, much alarm'd, slunk back to his apartment.

DIANORA.

And, should not I have smitten too my brow ?
 And, should not I have curs'd the bloody deed,
 As well as he ? Solerno, thou dost warp
 To foulest form the tokens of pure friendship ;
 And, but I still have honour'd thee, and do
 Revere thine age, I should not calmly hear
 So true a knight, so brave a gentleman,
 Unworthily and basely stigmatiz'd.
 I pray no more of it. — The Regent comes.

[*Exeunt SOLERNO and PAULA.*]

Enter MANUEL.

MANUEL.

All health attend my princess !

DIANORA.

Thanks, my lord ;

You are right welcome : I have overstaid
 My wonted hour, that to your hands I might
 Commit the promis'd letter. Here it is ;
 And think, O ! think, the answer is my child ;
 Consider, Sir, th' impatience of a mother
 For a lost son admits not of delay.

C

MANUEL.

THE REGENT:

MANUEL.

Within an hour my brother shall depart.

DIANORA.

Gomez will watch my boy with tenderness?

MANUEL.

Not more the feather'd tribe their callow young.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Gomez attends you presently.

DIANORA.

Farewel;

And may all speed, and Heav'n's special favour,
Prosper our embassy with fairest fortune!—[*Exit* DIANORA.]

MANUEL.

Is this the happiness so dearly bought,
 Purchas'd by murder, ratify'd in gore?
 Ansaldo's form by night, by day, pursues me;
 His single name rings dreadful in mine ear,
 Knots all my flesh, and bristles ev'ry hair—
 'Tis beyond bearing—oh!—Hence, conscience, hence!
 My crime is past—and, if there shall be judgment,
 Will damn me certain;—then, be this my heav'n.—
 But who, lynx-ey'd, has peer'd beyond the grave,
 And view'd that phoenix Immortality?
 No—all may crumble in sepulchral night;
 And then have I the better of the game.
 Dost thou exist, or, is thy being null,
 Thou, whom I sent to learn those mysteries?
 If thou art blessed, I shall be a demon;
 Therefore I hope thine essence is no more.—
 Soft, soft—my brother comes—

I

Enter

A TRAGEDY.

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Enter GOMEZ.

Gomez, my friend,—

GOMEZ.

What wouldst thou with me? say.

MANUEL.

The woes, we've brought upon this ancient house,
Weigh heavy on me, bear me down with sadness.

GOMEZ.

Ah! there thou strik'st a poignard to my heart.
Deep-vexing tempests have I often seen,
Full oft the brine has wash'd my sleep away,
And brush'd my pinnace against beaked rocks;
But billows now of wild remorse assail me,
Compar'd to which, the raging sea is calm.
My love for thee is author of this ill.

MANUEL.

It much repents me too that you have slain him;
Yet, there was cause; 'twas treacherous to betray me:
But good for evil is the meet return.
Yes, I have sinn'd, and much I do repent me.

GOMEZ.

Then how much more have I, who, tiger like,
Grinn'd o'er my prey, and snuff'd his reeking corse?
No cause had I; he never did me wrong.
What plea is mine for mercy? what pretext?

MANUEL.

Ease we the sorrows of the lady widow'd;
Let us replace the husband we destroy'd.

GOMEZ.

That were indeed a joy.

MANUEL.

Ha! were it not?

C 2

Fair

Fair Dianora thinks but on her son,
 And, while he sojourns at the court of Leon,
 His absence wears upon her shatter'd spirits.
 But as the crocus opes its saffron veil,
 To catch at morn the cloud-dissolving ray,
 And stain with deeper gold its paly brow;
 So would her heart expand on sight of Carlos,
 And repossess the father in the child.

GOMEZ.

Can he not be recall'd?

MANUEL.

It is agreed.

The lady has complied with my request,
 And wishes you to seek, and hither guard him,
 Thinking the prince most safe in your protection.

GOMEZ.

With me? deluded woman! safe with me?—
 Ah! there you jar my nerve of quickest sense,
 And tear my brain, as lightning rends the cloud.
 But thou say'st true; yes, injur'd Dianora,
 He shall be safe; by his great wrongs, I swear it;
 While life remains, dear as that life, I'll guard him—
 Such paltry retribution still is mine.

MANUEL.

'Tis nobly said, and cancels each misdeed.
 For better is the Nile-impregnate soil,
 Whose copious juices with redundance bend
 The harvest down, though some rank weeds it nourish,
 Than the dead waste, that borders it around,
 Which neither aliment, nor poison, bears:
 And he, who through excess of virtue errs,
 Alike transcends the wretch of apathy,
 Whose only blazon is—the lack of crimes.

Hence

Hence with the enmity we bore this house!
Its short-lived reign shall end in lasting friendship.

GOMEZ.

Give me thy hand; thou fill'st me with new pleasures.
When is the time you wish I should depart?

MANUEL.

Now, even now; and bear with thee this letter;
It is from Dianora to Alphonso;
Delivering it, thou shalt receive his nephew.

GOMEZ.

Farewel; it shall be done.

MANUEL.

Gomez, a word.

Say not, I counsel'd this—no, say not so—
But rather, I oppos'd it;—dost thou mark me?
The sapient king loves Carlos, and may think,
Why meddles Manuel in these affairs?
This would displease me; mention not my name.

GOMEZ.

It shall be so.

[Exit GOMEZ.]

MANUEL.

Repentant, shallow mortal!

Now shall I clutch him, and attain the goal.
Yet, wou'd the boy had perish'd with his fire!
So, that one stroke had done the business clean,
Which, splinter'd thus, lies fest'ring in my brain.—
Protect him wilt thou?—bring him hither first.
What will be wanting to my great desires,
When I have sent this stripling to his fathers?
For then, I'll wed the beauteous Dianora,
And reign the sov'reign of these fair domains.
Beware, weak man!—thy penitence may hurt thee.
Well, glad I am this noisome farce is o'er;

For,

THE REGENT:

For, tho' I do despise his leaden soul,
 My reason owns his words and actions noble.—
 But—who can tell?—he may be villain yet :—
 Or, easy 'tis to sigh and tell the beads,
 When our repentance needs no sacrifice :—
 When all's complete, I too will be a faint.
 Soft, soft—these are but words—'twill be too late—
 Stop now, or never—Never be it then—
 Now that the worst is past, and all my own?
 No; that, indeed, were beggarly and base—
 The farthest aim of man is happiness,
 Which some choose here, while some past death await it:
 I'm for the first; let Gomez seek the other.

[Exit.

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Wood, and a distant View of the Castle.

Enter ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

HAIL, native soil! hail, venerable trunks,
 And ye, regretted, weather-beaten, tow'rs!
 Each hill, nay, ev'ry coppice, ev'ry stream,
 Presents some scene of recollected joy,
 And overwhelms my soul with ecstasy.
 What now shou'd keep me from my lov'd one's arms!
 Ah! were I sure that they would clasp me round
 With all the fervency of former passion,
 How past all utterance were this day's delight!
 But, oh! unnumber'd visionary fears,
 With treble clamours, bay my anxious mind,
 Now that I touch upon the wish'd-for hour.
 Should Dianora look with coldness on me—
 Woman is frail, and rumours are abroad—
 If they be true, 'twere better I had died.
 I burn to be inform'd, yet fear to ask,
 And my heart vibrates high in dread of evil.
 —See—this way comes an aged cottager.
 I know him now. My honest, simple, Gerbin—
 As a far-travell'd stranger I'll accost him.

Enter GERBIN.

GERBIN.

Good den. My humble service to you, master.

ANSALDO.

THE REGENT:

ANSALDO.

A word or two, old man. Inform me, pray thee,
Whether that castle be not Duke Ansaldo's.

GERBIN.

Ah! Sir, it did belong to him, and I would it did still;
but it pleas'd Heaven to take him; so God's will be
done. We must be patient; for, as they say, he who
spits against Heaven, it falls in his face. A brave
Prince he was, and will never be forgotten within
a hundred leagues of Tortosa, so long as the Ebro shall
run by its walls.

ANSALDO.

Dead! But his lady, and the prince are well?

GERBIN.

Our young prince is well; but as to the lady—

ANSALDO.

—What, what of her?

GERBIN.

Body of me, don't hurry me thus. I'll tell thee as fast
as I can. She, poor soul! has wept and wail'd so, that
it has been pitiful to see her. The loss of her lord had
well nigh laid her on the bier.

ANSALDO.

Then, Dianora, but for that, were well?

GERBIN.

Yes, yes, she'll come about again. Time works
more cures than the whole college of Toledo; for—I'll
tell thee what—'twixt you and me, d'ye see, they say in
the castle—and, if it be true, there's an end of us—

ANSALDO.

What say they? speak.

GERBIN.

They say, she's to marry the Regent.

ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

Merciful Heav'n!

GERBIN.

Ay, I should have liked her better, if she had not forgotten my dear lord; for this fellow is more fit for the gallies, than for her bed.

ANSALDO.

Accursed stars! Oh, wretched, hopeless man! Report may slander—should I rush to shame—No: I'll be satisfied, ere I proceed, Whether I'm doom'd to heaven, or to hell. Old Gerbin—hark!

GERBIN.

Good Heav'n! he knows my name.

ANSALDO.

Haste; hither bring Solerno to me strait.

GERBIN.

Saint Laurence help us, and have mercy upon us! If he was not dead, I'd swear to him.

ANSALDO.

Dost thou not know me, friend?

GERBIN.

O, that I were at home!—methinks I'm in a trance; ay, all my breath is gone; my last hour is surely come.

ANSALDO.

Thou art but frightened, Gerbin, I assure thee.

GERBIN.

You're not my lord, alive?—you're not my noble, dear, good, lord, alive?

ANSALDO.

Come, come; I am thy lord, alive and well.

D

GERBIN.

GERBIN.

Nay, then I'll lose my very wits for joy: beseech you
pardon; for I'm craz'd with joy.

ANSALDO.

Well, haste to do the errand that I told thee.

GERBIN.

I hope your—— O, happy day!

ANSALDO.

Be moderate.

GERBIN.

I hope your Grace will forgive me; for, by the mother
that bore me, I know not a word of it.

ANSALDO.

It was to send Solerno to thy cottage.—
But not a word to any one but him.

GERBIN.

Ay, not a minute shall be lost.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DIANORA.

DIANORA.

Why tarries he? ere this he should be here.
Yet, from the tow'r, where I have kept my watch,
Since fainting night first sicken'd at the sun,
Though far the winding road I can descry,
All is untrodden as the Libyan sands.
Long on a speck, through the dim air, I gaz'd,
Thinking it stirr'd the dust, and might be Carlos:—
'Twas but a hawthorn withering by the way.
He must o'er-pass the death-bed of his father.

O, should

O, should another raven-herald come,
And chill me into stone with horrid tidings!—
Wherefore this dread? The sun still feebly warms,
Nor yet hath cheer'd the slopes of yonder hills,
Which spread long shadows o'er the misty plain.

Enter MANUEL.

MANUEL.

A messenger, yet panting with his speed,
Comes from the prince, and bids us soon await him.

DIANORA.

Ay, says he so?
Arrives he soon? how soon? Is Carlos well?

MANUEL.

Fresh as the mountain kid.

DIANORA.

Then Heav'n be prais'd!

MANUEL.

Fair Dianora smiles, and I am happy:
My words have chas'd the sorrows from her brow,
And, like propitious birds in augur'd flight,
As omens please, unheeded else, and vain.

DIANORA.

Kind Manuel!—comes he within an hour?

MANUEL.

Yes, ere the day hath journey'd half that space;
—Then, be it mine to bear the torch of joy,
Illuminated still by others' hands,
More blest, alas, more fortunate than I!

DIANORA.

Nay, say not so; for there you greatly wrong me;
I owe much comfort to your gen'rous friendship.

D 2

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Hence with a debt so beggarly as comfort !
'Tis but as snow, which cloaks the frost-bit soil,
Yet, cloaking, chills it too ; a debt is yours,
Beyond the treasures of the earth to pay.

DIANORA.

What may this mean ? wherefore that eager eye ?

MANUEL

Would I had never seen these fatal walls !
What baleful comet blaz'd athwart that day,
When first these portals open'd to receive me ?
Had I but sought some hamlet for retreat,
My life had roll'd in paths of rustic peace,
No vain desires had rooted in my soul,
Nor should I have imbib'd a malady
So fierce, so fix'd, as death alone can cure.

DIANORA.

Your phrase is as a meteor of the fen,
Indefinite and vague ; I follow close,
Yet still it flits, and leads me but to error.
Have I caus'd this disquiet ? Can I heal it ?
If I have err'd, or can it aught avail,
Chide my ill conduct, or command my service.

MANUEL.

Impossible. There is no cure for love.

DIANORA.

Is it, then, love that rankles in your mind ?
If so, the bane bears its sole antidote ;
The woman who afflicts, alone can heal
The wound, herself hath made. But wherefore this
To me, unfit to give the least relief ?
Of obligations broad you urge the bond,—

And

A TRAGEDY.

21

And true it is, I own its utmost tie,—
Then descant on despair, and end with love.
Expound this mystery: Who mars your peace?

MANUEL.

She, I adore, is single of her kind;
For moulded clay ne'er took so sweet a form,
Till it was softened into her mild figure.
'Tis an epitome of all the beauties,
That to this day have grac'd Heav'n's fairest work;
And yet, the frame, angelic though it be,
Is no more worth the soul which it enshrines,
Than the base shell deserving of its pearl.
Had I a mirror——

DIANORA.

Pray, pray, no more—no more of this, beseech you.

MANUEL.

Be not displeas'd, thou loveliest among women.
Accuse not me, but Heaven, which made you perfect;
Since, being so, I cannot chuse but love.
The orb of fire consumes not that bold bird,
Who rashly tow'rs, enamour'd of his blaze,
But with new vigour strings his waving vans;
Then, let not Dianora frown on him,
Who dares to gaze upon her radiant virtues.

DIANORA.

No more.—If unawares sprang in your breast
Such hapless rovings of infirmity,
Compassion it excites, resentment none.
As Duke Anfaldo's friend I can regard you,
As my lord's friend—but never more—no, never.
Set, then, cool thought to shame these wild desires;
Dispel the faintest glimmering of hope,

And

And banish from your mind the vain pursuit;
Which, to succeed, would ask as great conversion,
A breach as flagrant in the code of nature,
As that the nightingale should loathe her gloom,
Trill jocund notes, and carol to the sun.

MANUEL.

Then, stretch thee, Manuel, on the ground, and die,
Were but the heart-dear object within view,
Though through the perspective of lazy years,
Contented would I chronicle the hours,
And, each returning eve, with patient hand,
Blot from my calendar one tedious day;
But the word "never," as a rack, distorts me.
—Well—'twill be over soon—yet, hard it is
To meet destruction, where we hop'd delight,
No matter—I have done—'tis past—farewel!
Disdainfully she turns—Ah! scorn me not;
Stay, stay, and pity madness you inspire.
Not one kind look?—Ingrate——Beseech you, pardon.—
Forgive the frenzy of a love-stung brain,
And, as you list, pass final sentence on me——
But, O, be merciful! be merciful!

DIANORA.

With pity I regard you, and with wonder.
Is this Gradenze's son, renown'd for sense,
Who, boy-like, suffers passion to controul him,
And stains my cheek with shame at his deportment?
But, to prevent all future scenes like this,
Hear as a man, and let cool reason reign.—
I am a very wretched, widow'd, woman,
Whose maiden love was of too pure a dye
For time to fade, or change: but, granting, Sir,
A levity so monstrous could be mine,

As that this heart should own a second flame ;
 Sooner I'd pluck the rebel from its nest,
 Than break the faith I vow'd my lord Anfaldo.
 No—even as he left me I'll rejoin him.

MANUEL.

Must I then perish, Dianora,—must I ?

DIANORA.

You know my mind immutable and fix'd ;
 Therefore, I trust, you ope this page no more,
 But tear it from the volume of your brain
 As rank, and teeming with unworthy matter.
 If so, I'll heed it as the silent flash
 On sultry night, which startles, and is gone.
 But, from this hour, the shadow of a hint,
 Which shews you foster still your mad desire,
 Will sink you to my hatred and contempt ;
 That instant will I fly your sight as odious,
 And ever after hold it in abhorrence. [Trumpets.

Enter CARLOS, GOMEZ, SOLERNO, PAULA,
and Attendants.

See there ; behold him.—Oh, my life, my blessing !—
 Do I again embrace thee ?—
 Look on me.—Does my love remember me ?

CARLOS.

O, yes ; indeed, indeed.

DIANORA.

How chang'd by three long years !—yet still my child !—
 Think you not, gentlemen,—Forgive me, Sir ;
 I have delay'd to thank you for these pains.

GOMEZ.

Pains title not what has been utmost pleasure.

MANUEL.

Welcome, our prince ; thrice welcome to this land,
 Which

Which will o'er-teem with joy for your return.

CARLOS.

I do not know this person.

DIANORA.

Your father's friend he was, is now your guardian.

Haste to embrace him, sweet; confess his kindness.—

He looks Anfaldo. Does he not, Don Manuel?

CARLOS.

Manuel!—

That was his name, for whom we were imprison'd.

MANUEL.

Yes; it was I who caus'd Anfaldo's bondage;

And those same chains, so long endur'd for me,

Bind me as fast in endless gratitude

To you, his offspring, and my honour'd liege.

GOMEZ [*Aside.*]

Hell! what is this? Where then was treachery?

DIANORA.

You shall be better known; but now, intreat you,

Permit me to indulge a mother's pride,

And shew my people their Anfaldo's son;

Who, led by you to glory, shall become

His subject's darling, and the boast of Spain.

[*Exeunt* DIANORA, CARLOS, SOLERNO,
PAULA, and *Attendants.*]

GOMEZ.

Brother, a word.—Full much it marvell'd me,

To hear Anfaldo suffer'd for thy sake:

This you ne'er told.

MANUEL.

Perdition on the boy!

Now it will out.—Well, well, what matters it?

GOMEZ.

You mark me not.

A TRAGEDY.

25

MANUEL.

My thoughts are elsewhere busied.

GOMEZ.

I say ———

MANUEL.

I know thou dost—And what of that?—
Suppose he was ; could we have set him free ?

GOMEZ.

Hear me with patience, Sir ; nor taunt me thus
With answers foreign quite. 'Tis strange, I say,
That he, who thralldom for his friend endur'd,
Should strait brood treachery against his life.
Unravel, then, ———

MANUEL.

Unravel ? Dost thou bay me ?
Wouldst thou infer I am a liar, slave ?
Before the Holy Virgin now I swear,
If the same mother had not borne us both,
Thou shouldst repent this upstart arrogance.

GOMEZ.

Insulting man ! Kindred restrains me also.—
Farewel—there's smell of villainy—farewel.

[Exit GOMEZ.]

MANUEL.

Contempt !—abhorrence !—Shall I tamely stoop
Beneath a woman's scorn, and grant her pride
To marr my ev'ry plan ? No, no—I'm glad of it.—
Had she been kind, remorse had check'd my arm ;
But now, it will delight me to torment her
Together with her imp. She hates me deadly,
And I with equal hate will swell as high.
But, as the savage nature of the pard
No way endamages her motley coat ;

E

So

So is it with the beauties of this proud one,
Which, spite of very hell, I will enjoy.
If she consent to wedlock, it is well;
Else, let her look to it, and dread my vengeance!—
Her cub is in my power—Let her look to it!

[Exit.

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter SOLERNO and GOMEZ.

GOMEZ.

For a whole year? during so long a space?

SOLERNO.

Yes, twelve moons full; and oft was threaten'd death,
If he agreed not to surrender Manuel.

GOMEZ.

Heavens! what say you? Yet he would not?

SOLERNO.

Never.

GOMEZ.

From his release to his most hapless end,
Did there uprise no feud?

SOLERNO.

None, certainly;

Else had the will not nam'd him here Protector.
But whence this earnestness? Heard you of discord?

GOMEZ.

Yes, once; 'tis long time since; a certain man—
His name escapes me—said, that Duke Anfaldo
Had purpos'd to betray the outlaw'd Manuel.

SOLERNO.

The fellow lied. No treachery knew he,
But was as spotless as Navada's snows.

GOMEZ,

GOMEZ.

'Tis very strange! E'en now I told my brother—
That man, I mean—my brother then was with us—

SOLERNO.

You falter, Sir; your colour comes and goes.

GOMEZ.

In truth, I am not well.—I then observ'd,——

SOLERNO.

You said, 'twas even now, if I mistake not.

GOMEZ.

Yes;—some days past.——

SOLERNO.

By this it should appear,
That very unknown, much-informed, man,
Seen so long since, again, of late, you met,
And then, anew, resum'd your first discourse.
Speak plainly, Sir; entangle not your words;
Some mystery there is in this concern,
Wherein, I fear, you are initiated.

GOMEZ.

No, none at all.—I am much indispos'd,
And dizziness attacks my wand'ring brain:
I must retire.——
Beshrew these fits, which evermore beset me!

[Exit GOMEZ.]

SOLERNO.

'Tis plain, 'tis plain. The brother's privy to it,
But seems deceiv'd by the arch-villain Manuel,
Who now hath got the prince into his power.
But I will steal him hence; or, if I fail,
Blessed exchange, to give this crazy frame
For lasting honour, and the conscious praise
Of dying in a murder'd master's cause!

E 2

Enter

For, tho' I do despise his leaden soul,
 My reason owns his words and actions noble.—
 But—who can tell?—he may be villain yet :—
 Or, easy 'tis to sigh and tell the beads,
 When our repentance needs no sacrifice :—
 When all's complete, I too will be a saint.
 Soft, soft—these are but words—'twill be too late—
 Stop now, or never—Never be it then—
 Now that the worst is past, and all my own ?
 No; that, indeed, were beggarly and base—
 The farthest aim of man is happiness,
 Which some choose here, while some past death await it:
 I'm for the first; let Gomez seek the other.

[Exit.]

End of the FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E I.

A Wood, and a distant View of the Castle.

Enter ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

HAIL, native soil! hail, venerable trunks,
 And ye, regretted, weather-beaten, tow'rs!
 Each hill, nay, ev'ry coppice, ev'ry stream,
 Presents some scene of recollected joy,
 And overwhelms my soul with ecstasy.
 What now shou'd keep me from my lov'd one's arms!
 Ah! were I sure that they would clasp me round
 With all the fervency of former passion,
 How past all utterance were this day's delight!
 But, oh! unnumber'd visionary fears,
 With treble clamours, bay my anxious mind,
 Now that I touch upon the wish'd-for hour.
 Should Dianora look with coldness on me—
 Woman is frail, and rumours are abroad—
 If they be true, 'twere better I had died.
 I burn to be inform'd, yet fear to ask,
 And my heart vibrates high in dread of evil.
 —See—this way comes an aged cottager.
 I know him now. My honest, simple, Gerbin—
 As a far-travell'd stranger I'll accost him.

Enter GERBIN.

GERBIN.

Good den. My humble service to you, master.

ANSALDO.

THE REGENT:

ANSALDO.

A word or two, old man. Inform me, pray thee,
Whether that castle be not Duke Ansaldo's.

GERBIN.

Ah! Sir, it did belong to him, and I would it did still;
but it pleas'd Heaven to take him; so God's will be
done. We must be patient; for, as they say, he who
spits against Heaven, it falls in his face. A brave
Prince he was, and will never be forgotten within
a hundred leagues of Tortosa, so long as the Ebro shall
run by its walls.

ANSALDO.

Dead! But his lady, and the prince are well?

GERBIN.

Our young prince is well; but as to the lady—

ANSALDO.

—What, what of her?

GERBIN.

Body of me, don't hurry me thus. I'll tell thee as fast
as I can. She, poor soul! has wept and wail'd so, that
it has been pitiful to see her. The loss of her lord had
well nigh laid her on the bier.

ANSALDO.

Then, Dianora, but for that, were well?

GERBIN.

Yes, yes, she'll come about again. Time works
more cures than the whole college of Toledo; for—I'll
tell thee what—'twixt you and me, d'ye see, they say in
the castle—and, if it be true, there's an end of us—

ANSALDO.

What say they? speak.

GERBIN.

They say, she's to marry the Regent.

ANSALDO.

A TRAGEDY.

17

ANSALDO.

Merciful Heav'n!

GERBIN.

Ay, I should have liked her better, if she had not forgotten my dear lord; for this fellow is more fit for the gallies, than for her bed.

ANSALDO.

Accursed stars! Oh, wretched, hopeless man!
Report may slander—should I rush to shame—
No: I'll be satisfied, ere I proceed,
Whether I'm doom'd to heaven, or to hell.
Old Gerbin—hark!

GERBIN.

Good Heav'n! he knows my name.

ANSALDO.

Haste; hither bring Solerno to me strait.

GERBIN.

Saint Laurence help us, and have mercy upon us! If he was not dead, I'd swear to him.

ANSALDO.

Dost thou not know me, friend?

GERBIN.

O, that I were at home!—methinks I'm in a trance;
ay, all my breath is gone; my last hour is surely come.

ANSALDO.

Thou art but frightened, Gerbin, I assure thee.

GERBIN.

You're not my lord, alive?—you're not my noble,
dear, good, lord, alive?

ANSALDO.

Come, come; I am thy lord, alive and well.

D

GERBIN.

THE REGENT:

GERBIN.

Nay, then I'll lose my very wits for joy: beseech you
pardon; for I'm craz'd with joy.

ANSALDO.

Well, haste to do the errand that I told thee.

GERBIN.

I hope your—— O, happy day!

ANSALDO.

Be moderate.

GERBIN.

I hope your Grace will forgive me; for, by the mother
that bore me, I know not a word of it.

ANSALDO.

It was to send Solerno to thy cottage.—
But not a word to any one but him.

GERBIN.

Ay, not a minute shall be lost.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

An Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DIANORA.

DIANORA.

Why tarries he? ere this he should be here.
Yet, from the tow'r, where I have kept my watch,
Since fainting night first sicken'd at the sun,
Though far the winding road I can descry,
All is untrodden as the Libyan sands.
Long on a speck, through the dim air, I gaz'd,
Thinking it stirr'd the dust, and might be Carlos:—
'Twas but a hawthorn withering by the way.
He must o'er-pass the death-bed of his father.

O, should

O, should another raven-herald come,
 And chill me into stone with horrid tidings!—
 Wherefore this dread? The sun still feebly warms,
 Nor yet hath cheer'd the slopes of yonder hills,
 Which spread long shadows o'er the misty plain.

Enter MANUEL.

MANUEL.

A messenger, yet panting with his speed,
 Comes from the prince, and bids us soon await him.

DIANORA.

Ay, says he so?
 Arrives he soon? how soon? Is Carlos well?

MANUEL.

Fresh as the mountain kid.

DIANORA.

Then Heav'n be prais'd!

MANUEL.

Fair Dianora smiles, and I am happy:
 My words have chas'd the sorrows from her brow,
 And, like propitious birds in augur'd flight,
 As omens please, unheeded else, and vain.

DIANORA.

Kind Manuel!—comes he within an hour?

MANUEL.

Yes, ere the day hath journey'd half that space;
 —Then, be it mine to bear the torch of joy,
 Illuminated still by others' hands,
 More blest, alas, more fortunate than I!

DIANORA.

Nay, say not so; for there you greatly wrong me;
 I owe much comfort to your gen'rous friendship.

D 2

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Hence with a debt so beggarly as comfort !
'Tis but as snow, which cloaks the frost-bit soil,
Yet, cloaking, chills it too ; a debt is yours,
Beyond the treasures of the earth to pay.

DIANORA.

What may this mean ? wherefore that eager eye ?

MANUEL

Would I had never seen these fatal walls !
What baleful comet blaz'd athwart that day,
When first these portals open'd to receive me ?
Had I but sought some hamlet for retreat,
My life had roll'd in paths of rustic peace,
No vain desires had rooted in my soul,
Nor should I have imbib'd a malady
So fierce, so fix'd, as death alone can cure.

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Your phrase is as a meteor of the fen,
Indefinite and vague ; I follow close,
Yet still it flits, and leads me but to error.
Have I caus'd this disquiet ? Can I heal it ?
If I have err'd, or can it aught avail,
Chide my ill conduct, or command my service.

MANUEL.

Impossible. There is no cure for love.

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Is it, then, love that rankles in your mind ?
If so, the bane bears its sole antidote ;
The woman who afflicts, alone can heal
The wound, herself hath made. But wherefore this
To me, unfit to give the least relief ?
Of obligations broad you urge the bond,—

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And true it is, I own its utmost tie,—
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Till it was softened into her mild figure.
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And yet, the frame, angelic though it be,
Is no more worth the soul which it enshrines,
Than the base shell deserving of its pearl.
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Pray, pray, no more—no more of this, beseech you.

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Accuse not me, but Heaven, which made you perfect;
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As that the nightingale should loathe her gloom,
Trill jocund notes, and carol to the sun.

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Then, stretch thee, Manuel, on the ground, and die,
Were but the heart-dear object within view,
Though through the perspective of lazy years,
Contented would I chronicle the hours,
And, each returning eve, with patient hand,
Blot from my calendar one tedious day;
But the word "never," as a rack, distorts me.
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But, O, be merciful! be merciful!

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With pity I regard you, and with wonder.
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Hear as a man, and let cool reason reign.—
I am a very wretched, widow'd, woman,
Whose maiden love was of too pure a dye
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A levity so monstrous could be mine,

As that this heart should own a second flame ;
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 Than break the faith I vow'd my lord Anfaldo,
 No—even as he left me I'll rejoin him.

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 Therefore, I trust, you ope this page no more,
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 As rank, and teeming with unworthy matter.
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 But, from this hour, the shadow of a hint,
 Which shews you foster still your mad desire,
 Will sink you to my hatred and contempt ;
 That instant will I fly your sight as odious,
 And ever after hold it in abhorrence. *[Trumpets.*

Enter CARLOS, GOMEZ, SOLERNO, PAULA,
and Attendants.

See there ; behold him.—Oh, my life, my blessing !—
 Do I again embrace thee ?—
 Look on me.—Does my love remember me ?

CARLOS.

O, yes ; indeed, indeed.

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How chang'd by three long years !—yet still my child !—
 Think you not, gentlemen,—Forgive me, Sir ;
 I have delay'd to thank you for these pains.

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Pains tittle not what has been utmost pleasure.

MANUEL.

Welcome, our prince ; thrice welcome to this land,
 Which

Which will o'er-teem with joy for your return.

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I do not know this person.

DIANORA.

Your father's friend he was, is now your guardian.
Haste to embrace him, sweet; confess his kindness.—
He looks Anfaldo. Does he not, Don Manuel?

CARLOS.

Manuel!—

That was his name, for whom we were imprison'd.

MANUEL.

Yes; it was I who caus'd Anfaldo's bondage;
And those same chains, so long endur'd for me,
Bind me as fast in endless gratitude
To you, his offspring, and my honour'd liege.

GOMEZ [*Aside.*]

Hell! what is this? Where then was treachery?

DIANORA.

You shall be better known; but now, intreat you,
Permit me to indulge a mother's pride,
And shew my people their Anfaldo's son;
Who, led by you to glory, shall become
His subject's darling, and the boast of Spain.

[*Exeunt* DIANORA, CARLOS, SOLERNO,
PAULA, and Attendants.

GOMEZ.

Brother, a word.—Full much it marvell'd me,
To hear Anfaldo suffer'd for thy sake:
This you ne'er told.

MANUEL.

Perdition on the boy!

Now it will out.—Well, well, what matters it?

GOMEZ.

You mark me not.

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My thoughts are elsewhere busied.

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Suppose he was; could we have set him free?

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Hear me with patience, Sir; nor taunt me thus
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Unravel, then, —

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Before the Holy Virgin now I swear,
If the same mother had not borne us both,
Thou shouldst repent this upstart arrogance.

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Farewel—there's smell of villainy—farewel.

[Exit GOMEZ.]

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Beneath a woman's scorn, and grant her pride
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Else, let her look to it, and dread my vengeance!—
Her cub is in my power—Let her look to it!

[Exit.

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SOLERNO.

Yes, twelve moons full; and oft was threaten'd death,
If he agreed not to surrender Manuel.

GOMEZ.

Heavens! what say you? Yet he would not?

SOLERNO.

Never.

GOMEZ.

From his release to his most hapless end,
Did there uprise no feud?

SOLERNO.

None, certainly;

Else had the will not nam'd him here Protector.
But whence this earnestness? Heard you of discord?

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His name escapes me—said, that Duke Anfaldo
Had purpos'd to betray the outlaw'd Manuel.

SOLERNO.

The fellow lied. No treachery knew he,
But was as spotless as Navada's snows.

GOMEZ.

A TRAGEDY.

27

GOMEZ.

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That man, I mean—my brother then was with us—

SOLERNO.

You falter, Sir; your colour comes and goes.

GOMEZ.

In truth, I am not well.—I then observ'd,——

SOLERNO.

You said, 'twas even now, if I mistake not.

GOMEZ.

Yes;—some days past.——

SOLERNO.

By this it should appear,
That very unknown, much-informed, man,
Seen so long since, again, of late, you met,
And then, anew, resum'd your first discourse.
Speak plainly, Sir; entangle not your words;
Some mystery there is in this concern,
Wherein, I fear, you are initiated.

GOMEZ.

No, none at all.—I am much indispos'd,
And dizziness attacks my wand'ring brain:
I must retire.——
Beset these fits, which evermore beset me!

[Exit GOMEZ.]

SOLERNO.

'Tis plain, 'tis plain. The brother's privy to it,
But seems deceiv'd by the arch-villain Manuel,
Who now hath got the prince into his power.
But I will steal him hence; or, if I fail,
Blessed exchange, to give this crazy frame
For lasting honour, and the conscious praise
Of dying in a murder'd master's cause!

E 2

Enter

THE REGENT:

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Gerbin is come, Sir, and wishes to speak with you immediately.

SOLERNO.

Let him come in.

[*Exit SERVANT.*]

Some fresh complaint, some act of tyranny:

Thus ev'ry day brings new calamities,

Which I, unable to redress, must hear.

Enter GERBIN.

GERBIN.

O, Sir, Sir, Sir! you never will believe me;—

SOLERNO.

What is the matter, friend?

I hope no mischief hath befallen thee.

GERBIN.

He's not dead!—by the mass, 'tis true—he's not dead!

SOLERNO.

Who?

GERBIN.

Now, as I'm an honest man, by this beard, I saw him.

SOLERNO.

What art thou talking of? Saw whom?

GERBIN.

The duke, the duke—our sov'reign lord, the duke.

SOLERNO.

Didst thou not know he was recall'd from Leon?

GERBIN.

O, no, not the prince—his dear grace Anfaldo, that we thought kill'd.—Now, by this beard, I saw him.

SOLERNO.

Ruler of heav'n and earth!—can this be true?—

I never yet discover'd him in falsehood.—

Where didst thou leave him? Art thou sure 'tis he?

GERBIN.

O, Sir, I'm sure of nothing: but I'll swear I don't
tell a lye; for I think I'm right.

SOLERNO.

Bring me this instant to him. Let me see him.—

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E I.

*A Wood before Gerbin's Cottage.**Enter ANSALDO and SOLERNO.*

ANSALDO.

CHEERLY, Solerno!—Say again, 'tis false
That I'm forgotten.

SOLERNO.

False it is; false, false.

ANSALDO.

Once more repeat, she loves me.

SOLERNO.

Yes, O, yes.

ANSALDO.

Unbounded blifs!—Take full support; nay lean;
For you turn pale, and falter as you go.

SOLERNO.

Is all this real?

ANSALDO.

Be compos'd, my friend;
Nature will here bestow her balmy potions,
Suck'd from the foliage of each fragrant herb.

SOLERNO.

I was nigh lost; and scarce now recollect me.

ANSALDO.

Your colour comes. How fares it with thee now?

SOLERNO.

Ansaldo! O, my sov'reign, and my son!

ANSALDO.

A T R A G E D Y.

31

A N S A L D O.

Rise. Let me fly upon the wings of rapture
To take my wife, and Carlos, to my arms.

S O L E R N O.

Forbear, forbear,—I supplicate your patience——
Nor go!—Lamented Sir, first let me hear
By what blest miracle you still survive.

A N S A L D O.

Think you my fervour suffers such delay?
Impossible.

S O L E R N O.

Deny me not this boon;
For I have doubts, blacker than midnight shades
I'the moon's eclipse; doubts, that betoken danger;
Which, unresolv'd, prohibit you your home.

A N S A L D O.

You fill me with alarm—Give ear then to me,
That I departed from Castile's proud court
Must have been common to the ears of men.
I left it, with my son and Leonardo,
In evil hour, and fatal to my friend.
Journeying we reach'd a spot, where the slope road
Seeks passage, 'twixt the mountains and the sea,
Along the margin of a placid bay,
Where, below shelt'ring rocks, a bark was moor'd,
Which seem'd to play upon the heaving waters,
Mocking the clamours of the far-off wave.
My friend and I out-rode our ling'ring train;
When, at the entrance of a rude defile,
At once a fierce banditti rush'd upon us.

S O L E R N O.

Then was the time, we thought you had been murder'd

A N S A L D O.

ANSALDO.

I narrowly escap'd it: Death yawn'd for me,
 But Fate forbade, and pointed Leonardo.
 An arrow pierc'd him, as he drew his sword,
 And stretch'd him panting on the dusty way.
 The rocks re-echo'd now with "Kill Anfaldo;"
 "So he be slain, it matters not who lives."
 One ruffian felt my weapon; but, o'erpower'd,
 And wounded grievously, I also fell,
 Near my companion, who expiring lay;
 Yet, even then, on life's extremest verge,
 He was revolving in his dauntless soul
 How, with his latest breath, to serve his friend.
 "Anfaldo"—thus he spake, and reach'd his hand
 To let it rest in mine,—“my end is come,
 “Inevitably come; then, be it thought,
 “Since 'tis the duke they aim at, I am he;
 “So may you live, and I not die forgotten.”
 Scarce had he ended, when the lawless band
 Return'd from slaughtering our few attendants,
 And, as I then suppos'd, my helpless Carlos.
 As they stood gazing on their bloody work,
 The dying man, compos'd as at a feast,
 Thus faintly utter'd, “You're now satisfied;
 “Anfaldo's death you would—lo! here I lie.”—
 Then, feebly floating his dim eyes towards me,
 Murmur'd, “Farewel!”—and sunk, to rise no more.

SOLERNO.

Oh, generous man! deserving endless fame!—

ANSALDO.

A furious villain, lifting then his faulchion,
 Quickly adjoin'd, “Go thou, and follow him.”
 I then had fallen too, but that their chief

Warded

Warded the blow, and cried aloud "Desist;
 * My brother is aveng'd, and I content."

SOLERNO.

His brother? Ha!—'Tis even so; 'tis he.

ANSALDO.

But, why this brother thirsted for my blood,
 And who he is, still thickest night involves.
 Enough, my friend: They cast into the main
 The body of mistaken Leonardo,
 And forc'd me with them; then, on Africk's shore,
 Left me to fortune, and re-plough'd the deep.

SOLERNO.

The hauberk of high providence protects thee.
 Who shall commit——

[GOMEZ crosses the back part of the stage.]

ANSALDO.

Peace, peace; retire—Look there!—

SOLERNO.

I know him well, my liege, and so do you.

ANSALDO.

Yes, by the holy cross; for 'tis the man,
 The very man, who sav'd, yet sought to slay me.

SOLERNO.

'Tis even he.

ANSALDO.

And stare you not with wonder?

SOLERNO.

No; ere your tale was done, I singled him,
 Nay more, the felon instigator too.

ANSALDO.

Who are they? say, and give your answer wings.

F

SOLERNO.

THE REGENT:

SOLERNO.

His name who pass'd is Gomez ; and his brother's—
'Twill be a jav'lin in your side—is——Manuel.

ANSALDO.

Who?

SOLERNO.

Manuel.

ANSALDO.

What Manuel? Not mine?

SOLERNO.

Yes, thine own Manuel, Gradenze's son,
His banish'd son, imagin'd Pylades.

ANSALDO.

Impossible! No, no; it cannot be.

SOLERNO.

Was he the leader of the crew?

ANSALDO.

He was.

SOLERNO.

Then, from his mother sprang the man you cherish'd.
Besides, I can give other flagrant proof,
Shall force you to acknowledge him a traitor.

ANSALDO.

Fury, and death!—Oh, unexampled villain!—
Are these your thanks?—but he shall answer it.
If he reply not to the charge, he dies;
But should he, though I hold thee as a father,
Solerno, hope no mercy at my hand.

SOLERNO.

Be such the terms.

ANSALDO.

Then, let us face the monster.

I

SOLERNO.

SOLERNO.

Hold ; be not rash, nor go unguarded thus.
 The sight of you will kindle up his rage;
 He then may hem you with his minions round,
 And realize a death, all Spain thinks certain.

ANSALDO.

Must I then summon force, invest my walls,
 And batter down my gates, to gain admission?
 Besides, the pledge and partner of my joys
 Are in his hold.—I tremble—Speak, Solerno.

SOLERNO.

Ere force be thought of, let me seek your consort,
 And tacitly convey her with the prince
 To this retreat.

ANSALDO.

Haste, haste ! away ! be gone !—
 These safe, we'll wind the clarion of defiance,
 And shrivel the usurper by its blast.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Castle Hall.**Enter MANUEL and GOMEZ.*

GOMEZ.

Stay, haughty Sir !—'tis even thee I seek ;
 And would impart what much concerns us both.
 If thou wilt hear me, list ; if not, declare it.

MANUEL.

Speak on, and briefly.

GOMEZ.

Briefly be it, then.
 Suspicion stares on us, and mutters murder.

F 2

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Then, let it stare ; and mutter they who list.
 Who dares to doubt ? To me it naught imports.
 Shall I, begirt with Calatrava's sword,
 While my red arm was wet with Moorish blood,
 Blush at a vice so noble as ambition ?

GOMEZ.

Solerno thinks us guilty.

MANUEL.

I had sworn it.

On his grey scalp eternal curses fall !

GOMEZ.

No, no ; his honest soul——

MANUEL.

A panegyrick !—To the point ; proceed.

GOMEZ.

Ansaldo was our theme ; respecting whom,
 Falsely as hell, thou hast abus'd me, Manuel.

MANUEL.

Chose you this topic with a knave so crafty,
 Who can knead you, as sculptors docile clay ?
 I might have told you more, perchance, than he.

GOMEZ.

Dissembler vile ! Then wherefore didst thou not ?

MANUEL.

Conclude your tale : this next we will discuss.

GOMEZ.

I hope so, Sir. Engag'd in deep discourse
 About the man, who perish'd by our means,
 Your name, by accident, escap'd my lips ;
 Then, as th' unhooded falcon on the wing
 Views from the sapphire vault his destin'd quarry,

So did the old man nail his eyes in mine ;
Of mysteries he spake, and hinted blood.—
Surpris'd, and baffled, I had no resource,
But to feign sickness, and depart abruptly.

MANUEL.

Go to the huddled market-place, and there
Dissect thy heart upon the public shambles,
To shew its spongy core to all the people.
Caitiff ! why nam'dst thou me ? And didst thou falter,
Because unworthy of a kin so noble ?
Thou hast told all.—But, such are my deserts,
For having trusted——

GOMEZ.

Abusive man ! forbear ; nor tempt me thus.

MANUEL.

I must be sudden ; ev'ry moment's precious ;
For, if this reach the princess ere she's mine,——

Enter PAULA.

Madam, you come, perchance, from Dianora.

PAULA.

E'en now I leave her, Sir.

MANUEL.

Return forthwith ;
And be it known to her, I wish admittance.

PAULA.

Alone the lady is, and would continue ;
Nor chuse I, Sir, at present to disturb her.

MANUEL.

Then, be it so ; myself can bear my errand.

PAULA.

You are abrupt, Sir,—Gently—I'll inform her.

[Exit PAULA.]

GOMEZ.

THE REGENT:

G O M E Z.

Hold !—I am to be answer'd—churlish man !—
 We part not thus :—nay, but I will have audience.—
 What dost thou now contrive on Dianora ?

M A N U E L.

Presumptuous slave ! hence with thy sanctimony
 To some close cell, and pray thy days out.—Leave me.—

G O M E Z.

I will be heard.

M A N U E L.

Then let the winds give ear !—

Away, I say.

[Exit MANUEL.]

G O M E Z.

Base villain ! miscreant !

Am I then spurn'd ?—But I have serv'd his purpose,
 And now he casts me off with contumely.
 Yes, I've done all ; for I have giv'n him Carlos.
 Pernicious traitor ! there again you dup'd me.
 Hence with all friendship, all fraternal love !
 No more we meet—my imprecations on thee !
 —Depart I thus ?— no, rather let me stay,
 That I may watch his plots, and be prepar'd
 To succour Dianora and her son,
 And make atonement for the wrongs I've done them.
 I'll seek Solerno—see, he comes—Oh guilt !—

Enter SOLERNO.

S O L E R N O.

What should this mean ? what mystery's afoot ?
 Nay, since you speak not—

G O M E Z.

O ! look into my thoughts :—I cannot speak them.

S O L E R N O.

S O L E R N O.

Now 'twill break out.—Why stare you on the pavement?

G O M E Z.

I've been deceiv'd, I've been deceiv'd, Solerno.

S O L E R N O.

What means this darkness?

G O M E Z.

'Tis the smoke of conscience,
Which, smouldering, feeds on guilt, and seeks for vent.

S O L E R N O.

Retard me not ; be brief.

G O M E Z.

In exile driven,

I fought the seas: my brother——

S O L E R N O.

Mean you the man, who murder'd Duke Ansaldo?—
Nay, startle not.

G O M E Z.

'Twas I—'twas I—'twas I!

S O L E R N O.

I know thou did'st it. Ask forgiveness there.

(Pointing to Heaven.)

Bend not to me ; but cast thee down, and grovel
Before that fairest lily of the field,
Whose stem of life thou, coward worm ! hast gnaw'd.
Lie prostrate there, I say, and contemplate
A woman pure as heav'n ; erst as happy ;
Until thy weapon, at one dastard blow,
Shiver'd the beauteous column of her joy,
And spread it wide, a monument of ruin.

G O M E Z.

No more, I pray thee, or thou'lt drive me mad.

Burst

Burst this dark conclave, cleave my throbbing brain,
 Sift ev'ry thought that shelters in each cell;
 And, if it ach not with contrition's anguish,
 May agony bite thick on it for ever!—
 But thou, just man, give credit to my words,
 Not of extenuation, but veracious
 As those enroll'd at the supernal bar:—
 I thought Anfaldo merited his fall,
 And took his life, to save a much-lov'd brother's.

SOLERNO.

Did danger also sit on Carlos' brow,
 That with such eagerness you brought him here?
 Is he a traitor?

GOMEZ.

By this day, you wrong me.
 No—I was fool to his deep-feign'd repentance.

SOLERNO.

Being deceiv'd, thou still may'st hope for pardon.

GOMEZ.

My life is your's: command some arduous task;
 Bid me go seize the gaunt Biscayan boar,
 Or gripe the wolf, snow-famish'd, by his paw;
 I will not flinch.

SOLERNO.

Forbear this idle talk.
 A savage, far more fell than famish'd wolf,
 We have to cope with. Watch thy brother close;
 And, should he aim at mischief, look to mar it.
 Farewell!—be honest, and I'll give thee comfort.

GOMEZ.

Now you are kind indeed! O, now you brace

The

The very life-strings of my heart, which burns
To prove, by acts of zeal and loyalty,
How deeply it repents all past misdeeds.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Another Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DIANORA, CARLOS, and PAULA.

DIANORA.

Persist so rudely on my second message!—
Did you not urge that I was indispos'd?

PAULA.

Yes; but, with glance indignant, he replied,
"No plague have I, nor come from lazar-house;
"Therefore, anon, prepare her to receive me."

CARLOS.

Tell him we're busy, and can't see him now.
Mother, don't let him interrupt us yet;
For I hate strangers, and I've much to talk of.

DIANORA.

Poor innocent!—What, spoke he haughtily?—

PAULA.

Even as a satrap to his swarthy slave.

DIANORA.

Lie still, prophetic heart!

PAULA.

Until this hour,
I never saw him in a mood so boist'rous:
Fraternal discord grates, perchance, his temper;
For, when he first address'd me, anger blaz'd
'Twixt him and Gomez.

DIANORA.

No; 'tis wide of that.

G

PAULA.

PAULA.

Sullen he's wont to be, and thick in gloom,
But ever courteous, and of manners princely.

DIANORA.

Inly I am much anxious, troubled fore.

CARLOS.

Why do you look so sad? Pray you, pray don't;
You'll make me so.

DIANORA.

No, be not sad, my love;
We'll think upon a thousand joyous sports,
And pass whole days in merriment.

CARLOS.

Ay, let us.

PAULA.

Not fleck his brow on such a day as this
With festive smiles;—but furrow it with frowns!

CARLOS.

Nay, say no more about him, Paula, pray thee.

DIANORA.

Ah! there you touch a tendon makes me flinch.
'Tis such a greeting, as the tepid drops,
Descending to salute their parent earth,
Meet in th' embraces of the eastern blasts,
Which ice them, ere they reach her longing lips.
I had not thought it.

PAULA.

The prince were better far with wife Alphonso:
Let him not stay——

DIANORA.

Trust me, he shall not, Paula;
Perchance, nor I. 'Tis strange, but true it is,
This interview may work my own dismissal.

PAULA.

PAULA.

You startle me.

CARLOS.

Yes, let's all go to Leon.

You don't know how much I love my uncle ;
 You can't think it.

DIANORA.

See, he comes. O, heaven !

PAULA,

I will conceal myself.

DIANORA.

But be at hand.

[*Exeunt CARLOS and PAULA.*]*Enter MANUEL.*

Proud of admission, I approach you, madam ;
 For all access is difficult to-day.

DIANORA.

'Tis true, my lord, retirement was my wish :
 Nothing had now recall'd me from myself,
 But urgency importing weighty matter.

MANUEL.

And such it is, of subject ponderous,
 Big with the welfare of the prince and dukedom.

DIANORA.

Then, with mine also ; spread it wide before me.

MANUEL.

A bulky charge, an Atlantean task,
 Is that, which bears upon me for my friend ;
 Since, not alone the restless cares of state
 Demand a constant and unclosing eye,
 But the fair tablets of young Carlos' mind
 Must be o'er-writ with great and noble maxims,
 For what avails Galicia's ductile ore,
 Refulgent panoply, or prostrate vassals,

G 2

Unless

Unless the soul out-shine these gaudy trappings?
 Such is my task: which, e'en with kindred's aid,
 Were still most arduous; I, an alien, then,
 Merely endow'd with transitory sway,
 Must fail in its discharge, unhelp'd by you.

DIANORA.

Doubt you my zeal, Sir, that you thus accost me?
 Shall Carlos' mother not assist the man,
 Who leads her boy to virtue? Shall the wife
 Of duke Ansaldo thus neglect his son?

MANUEL.

Fell calumny behind the chair of greatness
 Aye sits, and snarls at pow'r:—savage his spite,
 And still more savage as he higher bays;
 But with redoubled malice whets his fangs,
 If hap, with acrid scowl, he chance to ken,
 Vested in delegated trust and sway,
 A stranger. Then aloud is rais'd the cry,
 In which vile prejudice and envy join,
 And hunt him to the toil.—E'en thus stand I.—
 This in the tow'r of my authority
 Is a wide cleft, a very dangerous flaw,
 Which, rending onwards still, from day to day,
 Will slive, at length, the key-stone of the fabric,
 And topple it with ruin in the dust.

DIANORA.

Beseech you now, declare, right noble Sir,
 Whitherward tends the travel of your words?
 So far as I am conscious of their scope,
 I can but promise, to my utmost effort,
 Respect shall be instill'd in Carlos tow'rd you;
 To stamp you as a father on his mind
 Shall be th' endeavour of maternal power.

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

I trust it will, and eagerly desire it;
 Nor doubt I of your readiness to touch,
 In the great band and concert of this state,
 Those notes, that you alone have skill to sound;
 Through lack of which the harmony's imperfect,
 And soon will change to tones of harshest discord.

DIANORA.

What harmony? What discord?

MANUEL.

This alone.

You wish t' endow me with a father's right,
 In Carlos' nature to graft filial feelings;
 Take, then, the only efficacious means,
 And realize, not feign, the sacred tie.

DIANORA.

You are mistaken, Sir; this is no Bagdad;
 Nor I a Georgian slave; nor you my feignor;
 Neither this castle a licentious Haram.
 Think you, because we brandish not the sword,
 Couch not the lance upon the day of carnage,
 Heav'n hath denied us intellect divine?
 No—we have virtues, fit for man to homage:
 Firm we can be, and generous, and chaste;
 Honour can start his tear into our eye,
 And sensibility is our's;—and our's the glance,
 That can peer deeply in the hearts of men;
 Where if we spy deceit, and abject cunning,
 Contempt succeeds, and fills the lip with scorn.

MANUEL.

Patience, I pray; this scorn is out of season.
 Necessity, not love, enjoins compliance,

And

And bids accept the proffer'd hand, though odious ;—
 For 'neath the domes of grandeur never dwells
 The bashful Nymph, domestic liberty ;
 But policy usurps unbounded sway,
 And dictates foes, alliances and friends.
 Your acquiescence, therefore, I await ;
 Since troubles would accompany refusal.

D I A N O R A.

Such rough-ton'd mandates grapple with my breath,
 Smother all speech, and stunn me with surprise !—
 Is it to drain my soul of ev'ry joy,
 That you affront me in this haughty strain ?
 Cruel it is to heap fresh cares upon me,
 Cruel to force me from this cherish'd home,
 And ill besitting your reception in it.
 Had Duke Ansaldo thus requited you,—
 O, base of soul ! ungrateful, thankless, man !
 But, be it so :—and now, farewell for ever !
 With Carlos I'll explore some tranquil seat,
 There, unmolested, meditate on one,
 Who never err'd, until he trusted Manuel,

M A N U E L.

Whither so fast ? I too will be explicit.
 Woman, in trite concerns, must be obey'd ;
 But, when caprice forbids her to accede
 To that, whereon depends the fate of nations,
 Such smooth formalities must go to sleep ;
 Then, stern compulsion must supplant intreaty,
 And shall with you.—Nay, waste not thus your frowns ;
 I too am fix'd, and this my steady vow—
 No more expect the homage of a princess,
 Until you pay me homage as a husband.

A TRAGEDY.

47

Enter CARLOS and PAULA.

PAULA.

Bethink you, Sir; you speak to one right noble.

MANUEL.

Whence comes this forward boy? Who call'd thee,
woman?

DIANORA.

'Tis, sure, illusion all, some midnight spell,
Some haggard charm, which dozes ev'ry sense.
The form is Manuel's, but the words are such
As would become Ansaldo's murderer.

MANUEL.

Peace, peace, I charge thee on thy life—nor tempt—
Learn, he thou'see'st is paramount. Learn too,
That, till thy pride is quell'd, this is thy prison,
Barr'd from thy son, and all.—Look not aghast;
The remedy is thine, as is the deed.

[*Exit MANUEL.*

PAULA.

Savage!—How fares it, sweetest Dianora?

DIANORA.

Exceeding well.—Methinks, I'm weary, too.
Would night were come!

CARLOS.

Don't let it make you weary.

PAULA.

Repose a little.

DIANORA.

Think not, love, I mind him.

PAULA.

Recline on me; you tremble, and are wan.

DIANORA.

Come hither.—Oh, thou dear one, kiss—a prisoner!

Shut.

Shut from this child, this sole remaining joy,
And ev'ry hope extinguish'd in despair?
Thou man of flint!—Ansaldo,—O, my husband!—
See the tormentor, see thy widow's anguish.

CARLOS.

I'll kiss away your tears; you shall not cry so.

DIANORA.

My child! my child! And must I lose thee, boy?
'Thou too may'st suffer—Gracious Heav'n, forbid!
My lord's assassin!—no, impossible——
What would become of thee? I should go mad,
If it were true, quite mad. O, say, it cannot,
Tell me, it cannot be; for, but to doubt——

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Madam, depart this chamber:—for the prince——
[*Going to seize the child—Dianora keeps him off.*]

CARLOS.

I'm frighten'd.

DIANORA.

Here, lay hold, and let me clasp thee.—
Thou Ruffian, hence!—First sever head or heart;
This is a vital dearer far than either.

SERVANT.

My lord is fix'd; oblige him not to harshness.—

[*Pressing on towards the child—
Dianora still keeps him off.*]

DIANORA.

O Heav'n! What must be done?

SERVANT.

Nay, more; be sure,
The prince will suffer for your vain denial.

PAULA.

PAULA.

Comply, sweet mistress; nor more irritate
A wrathful tyrant by mis-tim'd resistance.

SERVANT.

Hear good advice : no harm will come to him ;
What fear you, lady ?

DIANORA.

There. (*Gives up the child.*) Oh ! agony !
Be kind to him.—Farewel ! farewel ! farewel !

CARLOS.

O mother ! mother ! sure, you will not leave me.

[*Exeunt* DIANORA, PAULA, CARLOS,
and SERVANT.]

End of the THIRD ACT.

H

ACT

THE REGENT:

A C T IV.

S C E N E I.

*An Apartment in the Castle.**Enter SOLERNO and PAULA.*

SOLERNO.

DID gold too fail?

PAULA.

In vain I proffer'd it.

SOLERNO.

Unlucky tidings!—Is there no resource?
It must be carried.

PAULA.

Know you ought of Carlos?

SOLERNO.

Nothing. 'Tis mystery and silence all;
The menials eye askance, and grimly scowl,
Sullen and mute they hurry to and fro.
Where is the monster?

PAULA.

Even now I met him;
Right on he went, nor turn'd his head aside,
But seem'd to fear his foot-fall would be heard.
Crossing, he glanc'd the as we're wont a toad;
Yet uttered he no word.

SOLERNO.

'Tis ominous.

'Whitherward went he?

PAULA.

Towards the ladies chamber.

SOLERNO.

SOLERNO.

Then mischief's in him. Aid her, all ye saints !
 What must be done ? To stay is vain ; yet leave her—
 Poor Dianora !—Can I give her succour ?
 No, none.—Hie thee to shelter—I'll away
 To meet Anfaldo, tell him all her danger,
 And bring him clad in wrath and aweless war.

[Exit PAULA.]

Could I be sure the stroke would reach his heart,
 Were it not best to lie in wait and stab him ?
 So 'twould be done.—But I am feeble now ;
 And, should I miss my aim——

Enter GOMEZ.

What is it, Gomez ?
 Wherefore that bloody sword ? that ghastly stare ?

GOMEZ.

Hadst thou but seen it too——

SOLERNO.

What ? what ? Seen what ?

GOMEZ.

With heaven grappling hell——

SOLERNO.

Speak on, speak on.

What has the villain done ? Whose blood is that ?

GOMEZ.

Nothing ; a scratch, a scratch. Solerno, list :
 Chancing, in silence mantled, and dumb thought,
 To pass th' apartment where our mistress lies,
 The chord of menace tang'd upon mine ear.
 I stopt——'twas Manuel's voice—then 'gan to listen,
 As does the lev'ret when she hears the horn.
 All else was still. Wrath glow'd at length to fury,

H 2

At

At once he cried,—“Yield thee, or instant perish!”—
I burst the bolts, and rush’d to her assistance.

SOLERNO.

Well—Then?

GOMEZ.

Damp horror thrill’d in ev’ry vein.
Prostrate lay Dianora; Manuel knelt,
And brandish’d in one hand aloft a dagger,
The other, rudely gripping her to the floor,
Shook with the terror of the panting victim.
In martyr mood her eyes were fix’d on heaven,
Portraying earthly coil, and mental triumph.

SOLERNO.

O, Dianora! Mistress! Luckless Princess!

GOMEZ.

Startled at my approach, he quitted hold,
And, with a look which stream’d hot lust and vengeance,
Broke from the chamber, tilting, as he pass’d,
A deadly thrust, which, slanting, has but graz’d me:
Nor did I note it, all absorb’d and drown’d
In contemplation of the outrag’d fair one,
Who lay astonish’d, like the fallen fowl,
Whose sleeky plumes the eager dog has torn:
I rais’d her; and, methought, she utter’d thanks;
But in such feeble, such expiring, tone,
That more I guess’d, than heard, the stifled words.

SOLERNO.

Ha! Is she hurt?

GOMEZ.

Dismay’d alone in spirit.

SOLERNO.

Now Heav’n be prais’d!—Where is she? bring me to her.

GOMEZ.

GOMEZ.

Impossible. As hitherward she stagger'd,
 Stay'd on my arm, still fainting with her fears,
 A pack of blood-hounds rush'd wide-mouth'd upon us;
 Of these some bay'd, while others tore her from me,
 Then, having driven off the bandit throng,
 Whereof a part will never breathe to-morrow,
 I hurried to the theatre of insult;
 But all was empty, blank, and discompos'd,
 In sullen emblem of the baleful scene.

SOLERNO.

Hapless reverse! Fate, cruel, adverse, fate!
 Must she then fall? Forbid it, pow'rs divine!
 So ill starr'd, yet so good!—Sweet, sweet, poor, lady!

GOMEZ.

Let's drive the castle through, nor leave unsearch'd
 The least receptacle, until she's found.

SOLERNO.

Give me thy hand; for thou hast nobly done.
 Yes, we'll extirpate the whole brood of ruffians:
 A storm impends shall sweep them from the earth,
 Although they stick firmly as Calpe's rocks.

GOMEZ.

What purpose you?

SOLERNO.

Be gone, and question not.
 In the deep wood, which fronts the setting sun,
 Stands a rude elm, the champion of the forest,
 Whose scaly shoulders brave the battering storm.

GOMEZ.

I know it well.

SOLERNO.

Hie thither, then; I follow.

[Exit GOMEZ.
 Singly

Singly to pass the gates were best, and then——

Enter MANUEL.

Where's Gomez? Answer me.

SOLERNO.

Where's Dianora?

MANUEL.

Where is he?

SOLERNO.

Where is Carlos?

MANUEL.

Abject slave!

[Exit MANUEL.]

SOLERNO.

I'll haste to Gomez; danger threatens him.

[Exit SOLERNO.]

S C E N E II.

A Wood.

Enter GOMEZ.

GOMEZ.

This is the spot.—But wherefore come I here?

Shades fit for contemplation these, not war.

But he is sage, and has some hidden purpose;

Else why——

Enter MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Ha! art thou here, vile stigma of my blood?

Thou'rt found.

GOMEZ.

What would'st thou more, atrocious wretch?

Hence, swelter'd serpent! I despise and loath thee.

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Despise this also!

[MANUEL rushes on GOMEZ to stab him.

Enter ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

What, thy brother too!

MANUEL.

Death and distraction!

GOMEZ.

Leonardo!

MANUEL.

Hold, hold him—hell!——he's loose——

Away—come not upon me—blast me not!——

ANSALDO.

Wonder not——but follow.

[*Exeunt* ANSALDO and GOMEZ.

MANUEL.

I sleep not, nor am mad. It was his form,

Self, very self—No, no, this is not fancy——

There, terrible to vision, stern he stood.

Th' abhorred stroke, that hung upon my poignard,

Cleft wide the sulph'rous pit, and tugg'd him out:

Or, if he be a spirit from above,

In mercy down he plumb'd, to stay my arm,

Which else, by fratricide, had deeper damn'd me.

——Who now shall say, the dead return no more,

And that vain turmoils of a phantom'd conscience

Are the sole spectres of pernicious men?

'Tis false as Erebus; both 'leaguer me.

Then, let me fly!—Oh! whither? whither fly?

Whither escape? Despair with damning hold

Clings on so fast, a wild of elephants

Were atomies to tear it from this trunk.

Again he comes——What ho!—'Tis but Solerno——

He must not see—How ev'ry leaf appals me !—[*Retires.*

Enter SOLERNO.

SOLERNO.

I heard a cry ; yet know not whence it comes,
Nor see I Gomez. If his brother found him,
He's surely slain ; he else hath reach'd the cottage.
Unless the villain's prompt, all yet may prosper.

[*Exit SOLERNO.*

MANUEL (*advancing.*)

Yes, but I will ; ay, as the nimble ray.
What, grey hyena ! hast thou plots against me ?
But they shall fail.—Now, before God, I doubt
Whether the thing a goblin was, or man.
Perchance, he never doth his mortal spoils ;
And so, 'twere worse than legions of pale ghosts,
Who stalk and mow, but nothing more than scare ;
For, if with flesh that soul be still encas'd,
Upon this wicked earth such foe I've none.
Then, be I prompt, and vengeance out-run danger:

[*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

A Wood before GERBIN's Cottage.

Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, and GOMEZ.

ANSALDO.

Thou didst protect her ; I forgive thee all.

GOMEZ.

My joy wants words, as does my gratitude.

ANSALDO.

Poor Dianora ! Come, to havoc then !

SOLERNO.

What force have we ?

ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

Denn'd among tigers thus!—

SOLERNO.

What aid?

ANSALDO.

Enough; the country is in arms;
There's not a house but shelters stout adherents:
We'll rouse them, and be gone.

SOLERNO.

'Twere but delay.

Let Gomez summon, you here marshal them.

ANSALDO.

Hie thee with speed.

GOMEZ.

Swift, as your wishes, Sir.

[Exit GOMEZ.]

ANSALDO.

Why, true Solerno, why did I distrust thee?
Had I believ'd it, I had pierc'd his heart:—
But, thinking my soul's life-drops safe with thee,
Slow justice held my arm, averse to goad
With lawless plunge a breast I once held dear.
So now he lords it over all I love,
And, stung by sight of me, may seek their ruin.
O'er-cautious dupe! I had him in my pow'r—
Curse on the friendship, that restrain'd my weapon!

SOLERNO.

He figur'd you a phantom; did he not?

ANSALDO.

Such stricken conscience rais'd me to his brain;
Far sprang he back, and howl'd, "Approach me not!—"

I

As

As though he fear'd next step would wither him.

SOLERNO.

Then, strive we t'avail us of this terror,
Which now hangs wildering his perturbed mind ;
For, if he spy his error, he'll be desp'rate.

ANSALDO.

Lift—No, they come not—O, my friend !—they sleep ;
They might be here,—ay, in the very castle.

SOLERNO.

Impossible : be patient yet awhile.

ANSALDO.

Inhuman savage ! ah, I'll mangle him. . . .
What mayn't he now—Perdition ! horrible !—
Yet no one comes.—Why stand you speechless thus ?
No soul arrives, I say.

SOLERNO.

Instant they will.

ANSALDO.

Talk not of instants ; each is now a world.

SOLERNO.

Please you, *that* I should seek them ?

ANSALDO.

No, Solerno ;

It is not anger, but distraction, shakes me.
Pardon, good friend ; I'll check this tumult in me.
You know I've cause, old man, you know I've cause.

SOLERNO.

Yes, yes ; much honoured Sir, most sure you have.

ANSALDO.

What, if the gates be shut—where storm we best ?
For lofty are the walls, the trench profound.

SOLERNO.

SOLERNO.

Between the tow'r of Ceasar and the bridge
 There is a fally-port, which us'd of yore
 Forth to emit thy well accoutred fires :
 This, since the land has doz'd in olive days,
 Loose, ill-cemented, stones have slightly clos'd ;
 And there we'll force, if entrance be deny'd us.

Enter DIEGO.

All are prepar'd, my liege, and wait your presence.

ANSALDO.

'Tis well—come on, then !—Now we'll tent him home.

[Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

The Armoury of the Castle.

ANSALDO'S Armour stands conspicuously among the
 Achievements of the Hall.

Enter DIANORA,

DIANORA.

Thus far I am escap'd—at ev'ry step
 I shudder ; lest the ruffian should be near.
 Where shall I fly ?—O, whither now betake me ?
 Ye pow'rs above, who pity, and protect,
 Enduring mortals, pity me,—most wretched !—
 And deign to give me succour.—Gracious Heav'n !
 Ansaldo's awful form—The vizor frowns,
 And from the tenantless, and vacant, mail
 A cavern'd sound, methinks, with hollow moan,
 Murmurs, “ Solerno told thee of the false one.”
 Yes, it is true ; but I would not believe
 The good old man—O, had I but believ'd him !
 My child, my child ! I am the cause of all ;
 I brought thee here.—Here ! where ? I know not where
 And, do I fly ? abandon thee, thus helpless ?

I 2

Unfeeling

Unfeeling monster! first, give thy offspring
 To those, who stabb'd his father, and, then, leave him?
 Never, no, never—— [CARLOS *is heard singing.*

Hold—what dulcet sounds?

An angel's voice!—'tis sweeter; 'tis my child's!
 Carlos! my joy, my life! where art thou, Carlos?
 Answer, Oh! answer; thy poor mother calls thee.

CARLOS *within.*

O, mother! mother!

DIANORA.

Yield, infernal barrier,
 Nor think you might withstand maternal impulse,
 Though tough as adamant!—Unclose!—[*Bursts the door*
 I have him. *open.*

Enter CARLOS.

CARLOS.

How I have long'd for you!—Ah me! what ails you?

DIANORA.

Come, come; we must be gone,—

Enter TWO BANDITTI.

First BANDIT.

Think not to get away.

DIANORA.

Off, off, keep off.—O, pity my distress!
 Consider all the insults I have suffer'd:
 No, do not ruin us; we never wrong'd you.
 In all the world I have but this one treasure,
 And will you take that from me?—Sure you will not.

First BANDIT.

It cannot be; our duty must be done.

Second BANDIT.

We'll hear no more.

DIANORA.

DIANORA.

Oh, for your souls sake, hear me !

'Twill be the comfort of your latter days,
In sickness, and in sorrow, it will cheer you,
To think you have protected the unhappy.
This prince will love you ; he will show'r down wealth,
And honours on you ; and, when he is great,
Belov'd, and valiant, as his father was,
You shall exult and glory in the deed.

CARLOS.

In truth, I never will forget you ;
I'll cherish you, and will refuse you nothing.

First BANDIT.

You know we swore.

Second BANDIT.

Ay, and he promis'd fairly.

DIANORA.

O, do not trust him ; for he promis'd me,
And has deceiv'd me. When you've serv'd his purpose,
He'll fear you should betray him, and abhor you.
O, he will hate you deeply ; do not trust him——
But we should glory in our benefactors.

First BANDIT.

There is some truth in this.

DIANORA.

Indeed, indeed,

I fear he dealt most foully with Anfaldo ;
And yet he ow'd him all.—O, feel for me,
And feel for this poor little one ! My friends,
You would not have him bleed, when the least wound,
But on your hands, would make him pale with pity.

Second

Second BANDIT.

Poor little fellow! no, he shan't be hurt.

DIANORA.

Here is a gem, the only wealth I have—
In earnest of reward, accept this jewel.

First BANDIT.

She's wrong'd, and we'll assist her.

DIANORA.

Blessings unnumber'd fill your days with joy!

First BANDIT.

Let's lose no time. We'll lead you to the postern,
That opens towards the forest.

DIANORA,

Haste, lead on.

Now I possess my child, and liberty.

MANUEL, *entering with Soldiers.*

Search all the purlieus—What, am I betray'd?—
Dull fugitives!—Bear hence those slaves to death.—
You thought to 'scape me.—But I have thee still.

DIANORA.

Help, help;—assist me, friends—My boy! my boy!

[*Soldiers carry off CARLOS—MANUEL
drags away DIANORA.*]

End of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T V.

S C E N E I.

*The Castle Hall.**A great and confus'd noise within.**Enter MANUEL, PEDRO, and Soldiers.*

MANUEL.

A LOFT the bridge; fall the portcullis; arm.—

Let no one enter—Treason's in the air.

Each to his post; bestir—Let no one in.

Away, I say.

[*Exit a Soldier.*]

Stay, Pedro—Fly around,

Bid the whole castle din with clank of arms:

Let all embody in the center court,

There wait my further orders.— [Exeunt Soldiers.]

Dost thou mark?

PEDRO.

Immediately.

MANUEL.

Stop, stop—Who bade thee go?

Be there a watch upon the northern tow'r,

And if he see a light approach the walls,

Or hear the slightest trample of a foe,

Command him straight to sound th' alarum full.

Hie thee to duty;—thou'rt a trusty knave,

And much I lean on thee; alert, good Pedro.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*The Fosse of the Castle.**Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, and Soldiers.*

ANSALDO.

Hold, friends—we are arriv'd; beneath that span

Must we force entrance ; since each other pass
 Is closely barr'd, as infidel Granada.
 Now is the time ; the moon hath veil'd her brow,
 And silence sits upon the sodden turf,
 Hushing our footsteps.—On to work, and swiftly.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

What find we when within ?

SOLERNO.

No other hindrance ;
 A vault thence leads us to the inner court.

ANSALDO.

Where's Gomez ?

SOLERNO.

Since he left us near the cottage,
 I have not seen him.

ANSALDO.

Then is he a traitor ;
 But one black ruin shall efface them all.

[*A drum beats in the castle.*]

Surely, they're warn'd.

SOLERNO.

Ay ; when I ask'd admittance,
 A twanging bowstring sent the sole reply.

ANSALDO.

Little I thought beneath my native tow'rs,
 Mole-like, to burrow subterraneous way.
 —Tremendous pause !—Solerno, O, Solerno,
 Even like a wretch am I, o'erwhelm'd by earthquake,
 Who lies half buried amid shapeless ruins,
 Imploring all who pass t'afford relief,
 And free his limbs from suffocating cumbrance.

SOLERNO.

Vengeance, my liege, —

ANSALDO.

ANSALDO.

Yes, let the villain tremble.

Come, urge we on our comrades. Forth, keen sword,
 Nor think again to fill thy peaceful scabbard,
 Till thou art crimson with the blood of Manuel.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*A secret Chamber in the Castle.**Enter MANUEL and a BANDIT.*

MANUEL.

Sullen, thou say'st, and of untoward fortunes?
 Ay, that's the man.

BANDIT.

But he will not be known.

MANUEL.

Nor would we know him. Give him this; he suits me.
 Is all arrang'd?

BANDIT.

Yes.

MANUEL.

Bring the lady hither;

Call her, I say: Be gone; and, mark, no noise,

[*Exit BANDIT.*]

Marvellous strange!—'Tis time to bustle now.—

All swore he died, th' escaped and the villains,

Time too confirm'd it; yet, before these eyes

He stood corporeally, a living man:

Certain 'tis he; impossible it can be.

Well, well, all still is safe—yet, how is't with me?

Down, boiling spirits, down!—By death, I swear

K

The

The universe is alter'd to my view,
 And shews, like nature seen through sanguine crystal,
 One vast, tremendous, conflagration all.
 Peace, thou art gone.—Fie! fie!—Come, great revenge,
 Teach me to clip the pinions of her pride,
 And sink her to the level of my feet!
 There let her lie, until she clasp my knees
 To beg, in mercy, what she fears as hell.

Enter DIANORA.

DIANORA.

Lo!—here I stand. What torture more? I'm ready.

MANUEL.

Peerless of form! woman of charms divine!
 The Cydnus-wafted queen were but thy foil;
 For in this loose array thou'rt doubly fair:
 It well becomes the languor of the limbs,
 Which droop in all the negligence of woe.

DIANORA.

Base jester!

MANUEL.

No; on honour, thou'rt transcendent.
 Had ever eyes such radiance! How, meek-orb'd,
 They melt beneath the pearl-distilling lids,
 Whose shady lashes half impede their beams,
 And seem departing suns 'twixt dripping boughs!

DIANORA.

Bad man! retire.

MANUEL.

Surely you'd frenzy me,
 By folding all that's lovely in reserve;
 For coyness tempts e'en infant passion on,
 Receding, still in reach, evasive still,

'Till

'Till, having rous'd both appetite and pride,
 She lets him seize the bait, and hooks him fast.
 Can I, then, stand and contemplate alone?
 No, I must touch, must feed——

DIANORA.

Detested wretch!—

Thou art so curst, that, hating, still I pity.
 My woes will finish with my days; but thine
 Will gnaw thy ulcer'd spirit evermore.
 What will relieve, when thou shalt howl in anguish,
 Shrieking aloud, "Ah me, my friend! my friend!
 "Who lov'd, protect'd—aye, and suffer'd for me——
 "Him first I murder'd"——Yes, thou didst it, traitor—

MANUEL.

Well then, I did—'twas at that price I bought thee;
 Yield, therefore, instant yield thee to my will;
 For thy resistance idle is and vain.

DIANORA.

Tyrant! thou'rt snar'd. The fiend, who tempts thee, smiles
 To see thee grasp at guilt beyond thy pow'r,
 Far as the moon beyond the stretching babe,
 Who thinks no barrier 'twixt his wish and him;
 For, shouldst thou dare affront with touch profane,

[*Draws a dagger.*]

This potent key can ope the mortal door,
 And let th' exulting spirit wing aloft,
 Leaving a corpse impregnable to insult.

MANUEL.

Be this vaunt prologue put to instant proof.

DIANORA.

Come on, then; try; I brave thee to the test.

K 2

MANUEL.

MANUEL.

Yes, I will try thee.

[MANUEL tears open folding-doors, and shews

CARLOS at a block between two Banditti.

There! behold thy son.

CARLOS.

Mother, O, help me, help!

DIANORA.

My life!—My precious!

MANUEL.

Woman, remain. Endearments are misplac'd:

Yield, ere you think to interchange caresses.

DIANORA.

Nay, he's mine own; I bore him.

MANUEL.

Thou shalt win him,

Or his cold carcase only shall be thine:

Choose, then, decide.

DIANORA.

O, horrible!—He dares not—

This hideous pageant, schem'd to startle me,

Shall swell the sum of unavailing efforts.

MANUEL.

'Tis very Carlos; murderers they; this steel,

Of edge keen-temper'd—shall he try it? say;

Come, thy resolves; now, instant, let me know them;

For may the death, I doom him, light on me,

If thy denial swim not in his gore!

DIANORA.

O, baleful! blasphemous!

MANUEL.

Will you not bend?

DIANORA.

DIANORA.

No, never.

MANUEL.

Let him die;

You there, strike home; away with him, away! —

DIANORA.

Hold, hold—By all that's sacred before God and man—

CARLOS.

Don't let them hurt me:—tell me what I've done.

MANUEL.

Well, art decided?

DIANORA.

Yet a moment's pause.—

My Father, and my God, O, thou of mercy,
Look down, look down, upon the wretched'st woman,
That ever rais'd th' imploring eyes of anguish,
And guide her in her choice——Choice! Lose my boy?
Him, Maker, whom thou gav'st me with sharp throes?
No; let thy pity wash the stain away,
If I devoted fall to save my offspring.—
I yield—Exult; thy victory is signal.

MANUEL.

Be gone, prepare thee;—but no desp'rate thoughts;
He'd straight accompany—Dost understand me?

DIANORA.

O, misery!

MANUEL, *aside to the BANDIT.*

Dispatch him speedily.

[*Exeunt BANDITTI and CARLOS.*]

DIANORA.

Oh! I can bear no longer.—See me down,

See

See what you've brought me to.—O, Manuel!—

MANUEL.

'Tis past; you shake me not; arise, arise.

DIANORA.

The agony's too vast: I rise no more.

[Falling to the earth—A Shout within.]

Enter PEDRO.

PEDRO.

All's lost.

MANUEL.

Arm, arm!—Where storm they?

PEDRO.

They're within.

MANUEL.

Out on thee, coward!—Rally, beat 'em back. —

[Exit PEDRO.]

Confusion! Baffled still? I'll finish here,

Let what will threaten. Come, no more delay;

He dies; bethink thee—

Enter the BANDIT, with CARLOS's cloaths bloody.

BANDIT.

Sir, the boy is dead.

MANUEL.

Fool! *(snatches the cloaths.)*

[Exit the BANDIT.]

DIANORA.

Dead! —

O God of heav'n!—'tis Carlos—

Felon, let go—*(Tears the cloaths from MANUEL.)* —

Look, look, they stain my hands!

His precious blood, still warm with life!—My boy's!

They've

A T R A G E D Y.

71

They've kill'd my only love—Help! Treason! Murder!
[Drums, Trumpets—Alarm—Shout of, Ansaldo!

M A N U E L.

Hark—What?—Ansaldo!—then, 'tis plain he lives:—
I'll make thee sure, at least; hence to thy son!

[As he runs to stab Dianora,
Enter ANSALDO, SOLERNO, and Soldiers.

A N S A L D O.

Hold, monster, hold! [Rushing upon MANUEL.

D I A N O R A.

My lord! My husband! ah!

[Faints.

M A N U E L.

Still dost thou skulk within that loathed flesh?
I hop'd 't had been anatomiz'd by worms.
Fate wars against me; but Gradenze's blood
Can brave its malice, and defies thy point:
Boldly I strike for victory or death.

[They fight.

A N S A L D O.

Hence, to thy native hell!— [MANUEL falls.

M A N U E L.

Burst, cleave, ye vaults—hail ruin upon all!
Sunder thee, earth, and yawn to swallow us!
Thy boy, thy boy—O, had I marr'd his turtle—
She has escap'd me:—damn'd but for a dream!—
Again—hold, hold, ye fiends!—they drag me down—
One moment—Oh!—assist me,—Mercy! help. . . .

[Dies.

A N S A L D O.

Joy of my life, he's dead—Revive, revive.

Methinks, the colour comes into her lips.
My love, my Dianora, answer me.

DIANORA.

Say, am I mad? or is it Lord Anfaldo?

ANSALDO.

Thy own, thy own Anfaldo.

DIANORA.

But, my boy!

My life! my little darling! oh! oh! oh!

[*Pointing to the cloaths.*]

ANSALDO.

Eternal Power!—

Enter GOMEZ with CARLOS.

GOMEZ.

Here let me crown your bliss!

Behold, blest pair, that which alone was wanting.

SOLERNO.

A miracle!

DIANORA.

A crowd of miracles!

My child! my husband! all!—where are we?
Not on earth?

ANSALDO.

In Paradise, my dear ones!

DIANORA.

How 'scap'd my child?

GOMEZ.

I sav'd him; it was I.

DIANORA.

Then, be thou blest, till time shall be no more!

GOMEZ.

I left thee, fix'd to die, or to protect

Afflicted

Afflicted innocence, and, in disguise
 Of a benighted, lonely, wanderer,
 Before the alarm of danger clos'd each pass,
 Gain'd entrance. Then I play'd the needy villain,
 And, fullen, mutter'd how I long'd for mischief:
 This suited Manuel's purpose, and he hir'd me.—
 Yes, it was I, who rais'd the threat'ning blade,
 Which sooner should have cleft my neck in twain,
 Than injur'd but the velvet down of his.

ANSALDO.

Whose, then, this blood?

GOMEZ.

The slave's employ'd to aid me.
 As to my stroke he held the death-doom'd Carlos,
 I fell'd him to the earth, and with his gore
 Distain'd these vestments, to deceive the tyrant,
 'Till thou shouldst come, and wreak full vengeance on him.

DIANORA.

My generous protector!

ANSALDO.

How requite thee?

DIANORA.

O, for a tongue to speak my ecstasy,
 To tell the greatness of that God, who sends
 These blessings on us, who upraises virtue,
 And whelms the impious low! But pow'r is wanting
 To the high task: absorb'd in awful joys,
 Let them conclude this memorable day;
 For such has been the tumult of our minds,
 So boist'rous the attacks of bliss, and woe,
 That rest must pacify our dashing spirits,
 And drop his shady curtain on the scene.

L

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

E P I L O G U E.

Written by MRS. PIOZZI.

Spoken by MRS. SIDDONS.

*THE Duke restor'd, and the false Regent kill'd,
Let me with care explore this well-fought field,
If yet the doubtful vict'ry we may boast ;
Speak ye, who best can tell—Is't won—or lost ?
On yonder hill have no fresh troops been laid ?*

[To the Gallery.

Or in this valley—no dark ambuscade ?

[To the Pit.

*Britons fight fair we know ;—then who's afraid ?
Unskill'd in modern tactics, rule and line,
The floating engine, and th' insidious mine,
Our bard disdains ; with antiquated art
He drives his battering-ram full at your heart.
In no false colours trickt, we court your praise,
His rustic muse can't breathe in tight-lac'd slays ;
Caverns and castles she delights to tread,
Grief swells her bosom, fear distracts her head,
'Till visionary champions round her rise,
Who force weak barriers, and slight bonds despise.
Oh ! then no more, when freedom's sons have plann'd
Blissful release for each far distant land ;
While Liberty, on gelid breezes borne,
Now fans the fainting savage—once her scorn ;
Let not sour critics still heap chains on wit,
And poetry to prejudice submit !
Rather, extending wide the new convention,
I'd have Stage commerce catch our State's attention ;*

Then,

*Then, not unmindful of Old England's charter,
Some sterling stuff we'll find to bring as barter ;
In change for Congreve's wit, let France prepare
To yield polite Des Touches, and gay Moliere ;
And think themselves too happy to have caught her,
If for their Cid—we truck our Grecian Daughter.*

*While Shakespear's tomb o'erlooks the plain below,
Where Avon's consecrated waters flow,
So long, so clear, Britannia's fame shall last
For strength of nature, and for truth of taste ;
Warm'd, yet unscorch'd, by Phæbus' friendly ray,
Verdant our meads, unfading is our bay :—
Nor shall this primrose I present to-night,
Pluck'd from fair Avon's brink, tho' pale with fright,
Be deem'd inferior to a Gallic laurel,
If, ladies, you'll assert your country's quarrel.*



EPICURE

There are many of Old English writers
who have written of the Epicureans
in a way which is very different
from the way in which the Epicureans
themselves have written of them.

The Epicureans were a very small
sect of philosophers who lived
in the third century B.C. and
who were very much opposed to
the Stoics.

The Epicureans were very much
opposed to the Stoics and
to the other philosophers of the
time.

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